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MARBLE HILL,

TRE city council of Vienns recently suppressed a granastic society for adopting the colors of the German empire for its own and passing a reso lution to admit no foreigner except Germans to membership.

Tax gluttonous capacity of a full grown Esquimaux, is reported to be equal to the consumption of twenty pounds of flesh and oil daily, while another inhabitant of cold climates, a Yakut of Siberia, has been known to consume in twenty-four hours the hindquarter of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a large quantity of melted butter for his drink.

A MAN at North Bend, Washington, abused his family shockingly. The neighbors put a rope about him and soaked part of the sin out of his systen in one of the floods now engaged in washing the Northwest into the sea. When they pulled him out of the wet he was penitent, and his hand trembled with eagerness as he signed a pledge. There is no patent on the method.

THERE are numbers of elderly persons who to-day will state without any mental reservation that they would rather hear any one of the sixteen Hutchinsons sing than any living creature who ever left Italy's fair shore. The late Mrs. Patton and her brother John sang at the grave of Whittier; now the sister has joined the "choir invisible;" the brother alone remains the last of the Hutchinsons.

Beller in the existence of honor among thieves has received a blow. A swindler has paid a firm of sleuths in Victoria liberally for spiriting him out of town without exciting police attention. While one slenth was performing this kindly office his partner, also for a consideration, betrayed the fact to the authorities. The swindled swindler was arrested, but by some deplorable anomaly the sleuths are still at large.

ROBERT BONNER has viewed with some contempt the homely name of Nancy Hanks, while its position on the scroll of fame has caused him pain that has not wholly lacked voice. Now he proposes that the name of Maud S. shall be written higher, or the speediest pneumatic sulky be laid up with a hot box. This resolution is much better evidence of a proper sporting spirit than Mr. Bonner's remarks derogatory to Miss Hanks have been.

THE waste of time due to the inability of most persons to properly concentrate their attention upon a given subject is a loss greatly to be regretted, because it ordinarily falls upon those who are making an honest effort to accomplish a given result either in study or business. Mental exhaustion has to be measured largely by the time occupied; but because of this inability to keep the mind steadily fixed upon the one subject in hand far more time is consumed than would be necessary if it were possible to free the attention completely from all extrancous subjects and thus bring thought to bear sharply upon the problem under consideration.

Docrons, in various parts of the country report so many cases of influenza that there can be little doubt the disease we learned to dread as the grip is with us again. It behooves all to take more than usual care of their health the coming few months. Be in the open air, eat nourishing food, and keep the bodily system as vigorous as possible. One thing certain about the grip is that it is essecially liable to attack those who ex-

se themselves to cold while enbled from any cause. It is a ciease that gets no hold on a system in perfect health, but an excess in eating, or extes labor, resulting in depressed bodily powers, give it a fair entrance to the system.

PERMICIOUS literature has devised a halo for the beetle-browed assassin, so small boys as well as women come to worship at his cell. He wins by his crime a devotion that years of welldoing would not bring. While awaiting the trial through which he passes anteathed, he learns to regard himself When free once more he an aristocracy. It must

the army of unhanged who live comfortably in the country much money for the gibbet, and finally taste , while in some nanu lictims turn to dust



HE CHATEAU OF Ploerneuf was the into his silver beard. terror of the Breton people. The country folk nade the sign of the crees as they passed by and murmured, "There is the Accursed one's castle!" About the walls that surrounded the grounds

was a brier hedge, which no one dared to cross. The servants passed each other by like shadows, afraid to speak above a whisper. No one dared to address the master. Only the young Count Robert found favor in the eyes of the lord of the map he old Duke de Kerberzoff, his ur

story begins At the time when



ENED."

ert was seated at the old man's his face was livid, his eyes and his countenance

tently; one would have said that he vas the ghost of terror.

Beside him on a porphyry column burned a small golden lamp set with precious stones. Behind it stood a tall negro, whomas each minute passed, let fall a single drop of oil upon the flame. Close to o.d man's withered hand lay an axe, and the negro would have atoned with his life for a single forgetfulness of his duty.

The Duke was even paler than usual; his long, white hair was matted upon his temples, and from his terror stricken eyes great tears rolled down

"My dear Lord, is your suffering worse?" asked Robert, gently.

The Duke shuddered; he was still

listening intently. It was Christmas .night. Noel!" sang the peasants' voice "Noel! Noel!" rang out the chimes. voices. Then the old Duke rose uplike a

spectre.

"Listen, Robert!" he said. "Listen!" The old man had not spoken for twenty years. His sepulchral voice echoed through the great hall and the ancient armor hanging on the walls gave forth a metallic sound. The young Count was petrified with fright.

"Twenty years ago I had a son; he was handsome, brave and generous. He loved a young peasant girl and wished to marry her, but I refused my consent-I could not countenance such an outrage. My son pleaded with me, but I was inflexible; my escutcheon would have been eternally disgraced. I was wrong, my boy, I was wrong! Never give way to pride! It is a mortal sin!" Sobs choked the old Duke's utterance, but he continued:

"The maiden was beautiful and virtuous. I offered her money; she refused it. Then I had her carried off and imprisoned in the tower of the castle. Several months passed; my son was faithful to his word, I to my pride. I decided to kill the maiden, so I sent word to her secretly to escape at the first opportunity. A silken ladder was given to her, and she was carefully instructed as to its use and how to fasten it to the window. She pre-pared for flight. Then I arranged an infamous trap for her. Listen, Robert! listen! I had the stones of the window sill loosened, so that it would give way beneath her weight, carrying the unfortunategirl with it us it fell, and she would be dashed to pieces upon the marble floor of the courtyard below.

"It was Christmas! That night I fell saleep in the fear of God. Then I was transported to an immensity of clouds. Innumerable arches followe each other in never ending a Beneath these are small golden lamps were swinging gently to and fro, so numerous that it would have taken years to count them. Some burst suddenly into flame, others were as

with a fierce light, others flickered for a long time before they died out completely.

"Each one of these lamps was guarded by an angel. All the new lamps were tended by fair white angels with faces of unspeakable beauty; by others stood black angels, ugly and evil looking, and those seemed to await with impatience the moment when the flame should be finally extin-

"'What is all this?" I asked my guide.

"'These lamps are the souls of men, he replied. 'The ones which start sud-

"I WAS PETRIFIED WITH TERBOR."

denly into flame are the souls of new born infants, and spotless angels guard them. Here are the souls of those who have reached the time of life when they can think for themselves, and the Spirit of Evil and the Spirit of Good dispute their possession. Those lamps which are flickering and fading out are the souls of the dying. See!' he cried, pointing out several flames which were on the point of extinction, 'seel at the supreme moment the soul almost always turns to the Spirit of Good!

"Then I asked him to show me my own lamp.
"'Come' said the strange being who

conducted me.
"Leading me on through innumerable arches, we went on and on for a able arches, we wanted to be a suddenly, long time. Then stopping anddenly, "Seel" he said. "Behold thy soul!" I was petrified with terror. One single drop of oil remained in my lamp, and with con-

te make it burn out more quickly. I was in mortal fear, and I was a card; yes, I was a coward," mid

Duke, trembling violently.
"Listen, Robert, listen! Beside s lamp burned another with a and brilliant flame; a white-winged angel watched over the golden ver The Spirit of Evil came and whisper in my ear."

The old Duke cessed. It seemed as if he heard the spirit's voice at that moment. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair stood on end with fright and his teeth chattered. He continued, in a hoarse votce:

"The white-winged angel looked at me sadly, but the black kept whispering in my ear. I saw nothing; I would see nothing. From the black angel's wing I plucked a feather, and dipping it into the brilliant lamp I took the oil out drop by drop and let it fall into my own. My flame became brilliant and red as blood; the other grew paler, but retained its starry brightness. Only one drop of oil remained; and the white angel stretched forth his wing to stop me, but another with wings gleaming like mother of pearl and bearing a golden sword came to us. 'Let the man do his will! God will judge him!' he said. Then I took the last drop of oil.

"Then I was afraid. 'Whose lamp is this?" I asked, pointing to the flame which was just on the point of going out. And the voice replied, 'It is the soul of thy beloved son.' At that moment the flame went out. The white angel took the soul in its wings and flew away with a cry of grief, but the Spirit of Evil responded with a loud cry of triumph

"I awoke frozen stiff with horror, Two corpses were stretched out upon the floor of my room crushed almost out of human shape My son, notified by his betrothed, had wished to protect her in her flight, and the dreadful trap which I had set for her had killed them both. It was Christmas-twenty years ago!"

The old man fell back in his chair, the tears streaming down his face. "Stop!" he said to the negro who

was tending the precious lamp. "Feed the flame no more! I have made my confession, now I can die-but can God find pardon for me?"

At that moment the castle bell rang loudly and the chants of the church were heard. The doors of the great hall swung open. Through them was seen the chapel of the old manor blazing with lights, and the Child Jesus on His bed of straw seemed resplendent with glory and pardon. The old Duke fell on his knees before the Infant God. "Man!" said the voice of the priest, Christ was born, suffered, died to redeem the sins of men. Thou hast sinned, thou hast suffered, thou hast repented-God pardons thee! May thy soul depart in peace!"

Then the old man looked at the golden lamp and saw above it an angel with snow white wings, and he recognized him as the guardian of the brilliant lamp. The angel smiled on him sweetly, and taking up the flickering light flew off toward heaven. The Duke Kerberzoff was dead.

Christmas Gifts for Men.

If a man has a nook of his own in his home, what men are apt to call their 'den," the Christmas gift cannot be better than something which will enter into the practical spirit of that room. If he has used a writing table, or if his present desk has outgrown his papers, the most acceptable gift would be one of those roller-top deaks of generous capacity which men so enjoy. Expensive, you say? Not at all for the lasting enjoyment derived from such an article. A most capacious oak desk, filled with pigeon holes, drawers and side-slides, can now be purchased for \$30, and far better is it to spend a little more on a useful present than to waste a small amount upon something utterly useless to a man. Or, if the desk be there, or the purse will not permit, there is perhaps lacking a comfortable rug under the desk, or an easier chair. ing book-case, a dictionary holder, or a simple "double-storied" table stand for books and papers, to be placed beside the desk, are luxuries which any man enjoys in his library. For the inside of the desk there are many little things which can be thought of to brighten writing hours, and when they are to be had in silver they are far more acceptable, since silver brightens by its ornamentation, and is lasting as well in its usefulness. A silver pen tray or pen rack, a paper weight, a letter opener, a paper cutter, a mucilage stand and brush, a letter or bill clip, an inkstand, a memorandum tablet, a penholder, a hand blotter, a match box or stamp box, a library ash re-ceiver, an ink eraser, a pincushlon or holder, an engagement tablet—all these are little adjuncts ony one of which is appreciated by a man much at the desk in his home.

"Any one can see with half an eremarked the Potato to the Flux ding, "that you have got swelled head."

"Oh, roal" or significant the Autor of Christonia Table; "you're to change fellow who's always a